

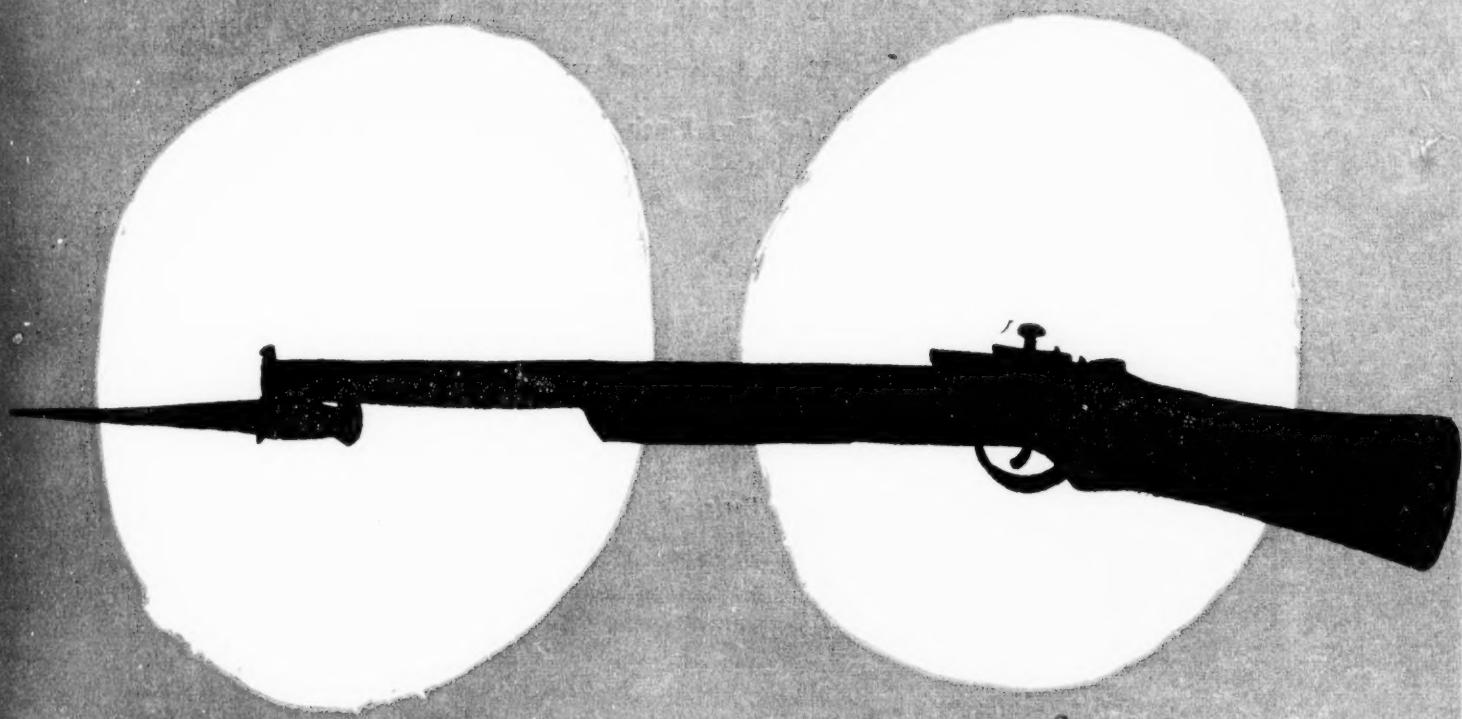
SEPTEMBER 1959

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SEP 17 1959

should negroes resort to violence?

ROBERT F. WILLIAMS

ARE PACIFISTS WILLING TO BE NEGROES? DAVE DELLINGER

THE EISENHOWER-KHRUSHCHEV TALKS

A. J. Muste

LIBERATION AN INDEPENDENT MONTHLY

110 Christopher St. New York 14, N. Y.

CHelsea 3-5411

Chicago: 4831 South Dorchester

England: care of Housmans, 3 Blackstock Road, London N4

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GLEN GARDNER, N. J.

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In This Issue:

ROBERT F. WILLIAMS and his wife Mabel put out the Crusader, a weekly newsletter, in Monroe, North Carolina. Until recently, Williams was president of the Union County branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The circumstances of his suspension by the parent organization, which received nation-wide publicity, are explained in the course of his article. Williams is thirty-four years old and the father of two sons. Next month, LIBERATION will print rejoinders to Williams's article by a spokesman for the N. A. A. C. P. and by Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., president of the Montgomery Improvement Association.

ODETTE de PINGANDEAU lives in France. Her article on France's prepara-

tions for nuclear testing in the Sahara was translated by Ira V. Morris, an American subscriber to LIBERATION who lives in Paris.

ANNA GREENBOUGH is a pseudonym concealing the identity of a former resident of "Winterstar", the community about which she writes. "I have not given the community its true name," she writes us, "and I have changed the names of all the people I mentioned . . . Otherwise the story is a true one—it is not a piece of fiction."

The replies to the readers' poll in the May issue have proved to be of such interest that the Editors have submitted them to a statistical service for coding and professional analysis.

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editorial

are pacifists willing to be negroes?

Beginning on the next page, Robert F. Williams makes a strong case for a negative answer to the question many Negroes are asking these days: Can Negroes afford to be nonviolent? The Montgomery bus protest, which was once hailed as a portent of greater victories to come, is fast becoming an icon for pacifist devotions. In Alabama and Mississippi, in North Carolina and Virginia, in Little Rock and Tallahassee, the organized movement for liberation is virtually at a standstill. In almost any southern town, the individual Negro who dares to assert his dignity as a human being in the concrete relationships of everyday life rather than in the privileged sanctuary of the pulpit is in danger of meeting the fate of Mack Parker or Emmett Till.

In such a situation, it would be arrogant for us to criticize a Robert Williams for arming in defense of himself and his neighbors. Gandhi once said that although nonviolence is the best method of resistance to evil, it is better for persons who have not yet attained the capacity for nonviolence to resist violently than not to resist at all. Since we have failed to reach the level of effective resistance, we can hardly condemn those who have not embraced nonviolence. Nonviolence without resistance to evil is like a soul without a body. Perhaps it has some meaning in heaven but not in the world we live in. At this point, we should be more concerned with our own failure as pacifists to help spread the kind of action undertaken at Montgomery than with the failure of persons like Williams who, in many cases, are the only ones who stand between an individual Negro and a marauding Klan.

When nonviolence works, as it sometimes does against seemingly hopeless odds, it succeeds by disarming its opponents. It does this through intensive application of the insight that our worst enemy is actually a friend in disguise. The nonviolent resister identifies so closely with his opponent that he feels his problems as if they were his own, and is therefore unable to hate or hurt him, even in self-defense. This inability to injure an aggressor, even at the risk of one's own life, is based not on a denial of the self in obedience to some external ethical

command but on an extension of the self to include one's adversary. "Any man's death diminishes me."

But it is a perversion of nonviolence to identify only with the aggressor and not with his victims. The failure of pacifists with respect to the South has been our failure to identify with "a screaming Mack Parker" or with any of the oppressed and intimidated Negroes. Like the liberals, we have made a "token" identification to the point of feeling indignant at lynching and racist oppression, but we have not identified ourselves with the victims to the point where we feel the hurts as if they were our own. It is difficult to say what we would be doing now if Emmett Till had been our own son or if other members of our family were presently living in the south under the daily humiliations suffered by Negroes. But it is a good bet that we would not be in our present state of lethargy. We would not find it so easy to ask them to be patient and longsuffering and nonviolent in the face of our own failure to launch a positive nonviolent campaign for protection and liberation. The real question today is not, can Negroes afford to be pacifists, but are pacifists willing to be Negroes?

This question is particularly pointed in the South, and those of us who live in the North should not feel overconfident as to how we would act if we lived there. But the tragic fact is that in the South the bulk of the members of the Society of Friends and of other pacifist groups live down to the rules of segregation much as other people do. Only a few scattered individuals, like Carl and Anne Braden in Louisville, Kentucky, and a few intentional communities, like Koinonia in Americus, Georgia and the Highlander Folk School in Monteagle, Tennessee break significantly with the pattern of segregation. So long as this pattern is maintained, a temporary absence of overt violence only means the appearance of peace when there is no peace. Human beings must love one another, or they will learn to hate one another. Segregation is incompatible with love. Sooner or later, segregation must erupt into violence, and those white persons who conform to the practice of segregation are as surely responsible as those of either color who bring out the guns.

Robert Williams makes a bad mistake when he implies that the only alternative to violence is the approach of the "cringing, begging Negro ministers," who appealed to the city for protection and then retired in defeat. The power of the police, as the power of the F. B. I., the courts, and the Federal government, is rooted in violence. The fact that the violence does not always come into bloody play does not alter the fact that the power of the government is not the integrating power of love but the disintegrating power of guns and prisons. Unfortunately, too many of those who hailed the precedent of the Montgomery bus protest have turned away from its example and have been carrying on the fight in the courts or by appeals to legislators and judges.

In Montgomery, it was Rosa Parks, Martin King and their comrades who went to jail, not the segregationists. The power of the action lay partly in the refusal of the participants to accept defeat when the power of the local government was stacked against them, partly in their refusal to cooperate with the evil practice (riding in segregated buses) and partly in the spirit of dignity and love expressed in the words and actions of King.

It would be foolhardy for a white Northerner to present a blueprint for a specific large-scale action which would apply the lessons of Montgomery to other situations in the South. But it is significant that the Montgomery action developed when a single woman, Rosa Parks, found herself psychologically unable to comply with an order to get in the back of a bus.

Those of us who are white will never experience the indignities that are imposed from birth to burial on our colored brothers. But the least we can do while working for another Montgomery is to refuse to conform to segregation wherever we are. At home and when travelling in the South, we can refuse to eat in segregated restaurants, to stay in segregated hotels, to shop in segregated stores, or to use "White Only" toilets. We can refuse to attend segregated churches or send our children to segregated schools. These simple acts of identification and decency could turn out to be more revolutionary than we dare hope.

D. D.

CAN NEGROES AFFORD TO BE PACIFISTS?



ROBERT F. WILLIAMS

IN 1954 I was an enlisted man in the United States Marine Corps. As a Negro in an integrated unit that was overwhelmingly white, I shall never forget the evening we were lounging in the recreation room watching television as a news bulletin flashed on the screen. This was the historic Supreme Court decision that segregation in the public schools is unconstitutional. Because of the interracial atmosphere, there was no vocal comment. There was for a while complete silence. I never knew how the Southern white boys felt about this bulletin. Perhaps I never will, but as for myself, my inner emotions must have been approximate to the Negro slaves' when they first heard about the Emancipation Proclamation. Elation took hold of me so strongly that I found it very difficult to refrain from yielding to an urge of jubilation. I learned later that night that other Negroes in my outfit had felt the same surge of elation.

On this momentous night of May 17, 1954, I felt that at last the government was willing to assert itself on behalf of first-class citizenship, even for Negroes. I experienced a sense of loyalty that I had never felt before. I was sure that this was the beginning of a new era of American democracy. At last I felt that I was a part of America and that I belonged. That was what I had always wanted, even as a child.

I returned to civilian life in 1955 and the hope I had for Negro liberation faltered. I had returned to a South that was determined to stay the hand of progress at all cost. Acts of violence and words and deeds of hate and spite rose from every quarter. An attitude prevailed that Negroes had a court decree from the "Communist inspired court", but the local racist had the means to

initiate the old law of the social jungle called Dixie. Since the first Negro slaves arrived in America, the white supremacists have relied upon violence as a potent weapon of intimidation to deprive Negroes of their rights. The Southerner is not prone to easy change; therefore the same tactics that proved so successful against Negroes through the years are still being employed today. There is open defiance to law and order throughout the South today. Governor Faubus and the Little Rock campaign was a shining example of the Southern racists' respect for the law of the land and constituted authority.

The State of Virginia is in open defiance of federal authority. States like my native state of North Carolina are submitting to token integration and openly boasting that this is the solution to circumvention of the Supreme Court decisions. The officials of this state brazenly slap themselves on the back for being successful in depriving great numbers of their colored citizens of the rights of first-class citizenship. Yes, after having such great short-lived hope, I have become disillusioned about the prospect of a just, democratic-minded government motivated by politicians with high moral standards enforcing the Fourteenth Amendment without the pressure of expediency.

News Blackout

Since my release from the Marine Corps I could cite many cases of unprovoked violence that have been visited upon my people. Some, like the Emmett Till case, the Asbury Howard case and the Mack Parker incident, have been widely publicized. There are more, many many more, occurring daily in the South that

never come to the light of the press because of a news blackout sponsored by local racist officials.

Laws serve to deter crime and to protect the weak from the strong in civilized society. When there is a breakdown of law and the right of equal protection by constituted authority, where is the force of deterrent? It is the nature of people to respect law when it is just and strong. Only highly civilized and moral individuals respect the rights of others. The low-mentality bigots of the South have shown a wanton disregard for the wellbeing and rights of their fellowmen of color, but there is one thing that even the most savage beast respects, and that is force. Soft, polished words whispered into the ears of a brute make him all the more confused and rebellious against a society that is more than he can understand or feel secure in. The Southern brute respects only force. Nonviolence is a very potent weapon when the opponent is civilized, but nonviolence is no match or repellent for a sadist. I have great respect for the pacifist, that is, for the pure pacifist. I think a pure pacifist is one who resents violence against nations as well as individuals and is courageous enough to speak out against jingoistic governments (including his own) without an air of self-righteousness and pious moral individuality. I am not a pacifist and I am sure that I may safely say that most of my people are not. Passive resistance is a powerful weapon in gaining concessions from oppressors, but I venture to say that if Mack Parker had had an automatic shotgun at his disposal, he could have served as a great deterrent against lynching.

"Turn-the-other-cheekism"

Rev. Martin Luther King is a great and successful leader of our race. The Montgomery bus boycott was a great victory for American democracy. However, most people have confused the issues facing the race. In Montgomery the issue was a matter of struggle for human dignity. Nonviolence is made to order for that type of conflict. While praising the actions of those courageous Negroes who participated in the Montgomery affair, we must not allow the complete aspects of the Negro struggle throughout the South to be taken out of their proper perspective. In a great many localities in the South Negroes are faced with the necessity of combating savage violence. The struggle is for mere existence. The Negro is in a position of begging for life. There is no lawful deterrent against those who would do him violence. An open declaration of nonviolence, or turn-the-other-cheekism is an invitation that the white racist brutes will certainly honor by brutal attack on cringing, submissive Negroes. It is time for the Negro in the South to reappraise his method of dealing with his ruthless oppressor.

In 1957 the Klan moved into Monroe and Union

County. In the beginning we did not notice them much. Their numbers steadily increased to the point wherein the local press reported as many as seventy-five hundred racists massed at one rally. They became so brazen that mile-long motorcades started invading the Negro community. These hooded thugs fired pistols from car windows, screamed, and incessantly blew their automobile horns. On one occasion they caught a Negro woman on the street and tried to force her to dance for them at gun point. She escaped into the night, screaming and hysterical. They forced a Negro merchant to close down his business on direct orders from the Klan. Drivers of cars tried to run Negroes down when seen walking on the streets at night. Negro women were struck with missiles thrown from passing vehicles. Lawlessness was rampant. A Negro doctor was framed to jail on a charge of performing an abortion on a white woman. This doctor, who was vice-president of the N. A. A. C. P., was placed in a lonely cell in the basement of a jail, although men prisoners are usually confined upstairs. A crowd of white men started congregating around the jail. It is common knowledge that a lynching was averted. We have had the usual threats of the Klan here, but instead of cowing, we organized an armed guard and set up a defense force around the doctor's house. On one occasion, we had to exchange gunfire with the Klan. Each time the Klan came on a raid they were led by police cars. We appealed to the President of the United States to have the Justice Department investigate the police. We appealed to Governor Luther Hodges. All our appeals to constituted law were in vain. Governor Hodges, in an underhanded way, defended the Klan. He publicly made a statement, to the press, that I had exaggerated Klan activity in Union County—despite the fact that they were operating openly and had gone so far as to build a Klan clubhouse and advertise meetings in the local press and on the radio.

Cringing Negro Ministers

A group of nonviolent ministers met the city Board of Aldermen and pleaded with them to restrict the Klan from the colored community. The city fathers advised these cringing, begging Negro ministers that the Klan had constitutional rights to meet and organize in the same way as the N. A. A. C. P. Not having been infected by turn-the-other-cheekism, a group of Negroes who showed a willingness to fight caused the city officials to deprive the Klan of its constitutional rights after local papers told of dangerous incidents between Klansmen and armed Negroes. Klan motorcades have been legally banned from the City of Monroe.

The possibility of tragedy's striking both sides of the tracks has caused a mutual desire to have a peaceful coexistence. The fact that any racial brutality may

cause white blood to flow as well as Negro is lessening racial tension. The white bigots are sparing Negroes from brutal attack, not because of a new sense of morality, but because Negroes have adopted a policy of meeting violence with violence.

The Screams of the Innocent

I think there is enough latitude in the struggle for Negro liberation for the acceptance of diverse tactics and philosophies. There is need for pacifists and non-pacifists. I think each freedom fighter must unselfishly contribute what he has to offer. I have been a soldier and a Marine. I have been trained in the way of violence. I have been trained to defend myself. Self-defense to a Marine is a reflex action. People like Rev. Martin Luther King have been trained for the pulpit. I think they would be as out of place in a conflict that demanded real violent action as I would in a pulpit praying for an indifferent God to come down from Heaven and rescue a screaming Mack Parker or Emmett Till from an ungodly howling mob. I believe if we are going to pray, we ought to pass the ammunition while we pray. If we are too pious to kill in our own self-defense, how can we have the heart to ask a Holy God to come down to this violent fray and smite down our enemies?

As a race, we have been praying for three hundred years. The N. A. A. C. P. boasts that it has fought against lynching for fifty years. A fifty-year fight without victory is not impressive to me. An unwritten anti-lynch law was initiated overnight in Monroe. It is strange that so-called Negro leaders have never stopped to think why a simple thing like an anti-lynch law in a supposedly democratic nation is next to impossible to get passed. Surely every citizen in a republic is entitled not to be lynched. To seek an anti-lynch law in the present situation is to seek charity. Individuals and governments are more inclined to do things that promote the general welfare and well-being of the populace. A prejudiced government and a prejudiced people are not going to throw a shield of protection around the very people in the South on whom they vent pent-up hatreds as scapegoats. When white people in the South start needing such a law, we will not even have to wait fifty days to get it.

Stop Lynching with Violence

On May 5, 1959, while president of the Union County branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, I made a statement to the United Press International after a trial wherein a white man was supposed to have been tried for kicking a Negro maid down a flight of stairs in a local white hotel. In spite of the fact that there was an eyewitness, the defendant failed to show up for his trial, and was com-

pletely exonerated. Another case in the same court involved a white man who had come to a pregnant Negro mother's home and attempted to rape her. In recorder's court the only defense offered for the defendant was that "he's not guilty. He was just drunk and having a little fun." Despite the fact that this pregnant Negro mother was brutally beaten and driven from her home because she refused to submit, and a white woman neighbor testified that the woman had come to her house excited, her clothes torn, her feet bare, and begging her for assistance, the court was unmoved. The defendant's wife was allowed to sit with him throughout the trial, and his attorney asked the jury if they thought this white man would leave "this beautiful white woman, the flower of life for this Negro woman". Some of the jurymen laughed and the defendant went free. This great miscarriage of justice left me sick inside, and I said then what I say now. I believe that Negroes must be willing to defend themselves, their women, their



children and their homes. They must be willing to die and to kill in repelling their assailants. There is no Fourteenth Amendment, no equal protection under the law. Negroes *must* protect themselves, it is obvious that the federal government will not put an end to lynching; therefore it becomes necessary for us to stop lynching with violence. We must defend ourselves. Even though I made it known that I spoke as an individual American citizen, I was suspended by the N.A.A.C.P. for advocating violence. The N.A.A.C.P. was so fearful of the consequence of this statement that I heard about my suspension over the radio before I got an official notice. The radio announcer tried to give local Negroes the impression that the N.A.A.C.P. advocated turn-the-other-cheekism. The thing that struck me most was not the suspension, but the number of letters and telegrams I received from Negroes all over America who showed a readiness to fight. The Negro on the street who suffers most is beginning to break out of the harness of the nonviolent race preachers. The fact that the N. A. A. C. P. had to issue a statement saying, "The N. A. A. C. P. has never condoned mob violence but it firmly supports the right

of Negroes individually and collectively to defend their person, their homes and their property from attack" is a strong indication of the sentiment among the masses of Negroes. How can an individual defend his person and property from attack without meeting violence with violence? What the N. A. A. C. P. is advocating now is no more than I had advocated in the first place. I could never advocate that Negroes attack white people indiscriminately. Our branch of the N. A. A. C. P. in Union County is an interracial branch.

King Cashes in on War

It is obvious that the Negro leadership is caught in a terrible dilemma. It is trying to appease both white liberals who want to see Negro liberation given to us in eye-dropper doses and the Negro masses, who are growing impatient and restive under brutal oppression. There is a new Negro coming into manhood on the American scene and an indifferent government must take cognizance of this fact. The Negro is becoming more militant, and pacifism will never be accepted wholeheartedly by the masses of Negroes so long as violence is rampant in Dixie. Even Negroes like King who profess to be pacifists are not pure pacifists and at times speak proudly of the Negro's role of violence in this violent nation's wars. In a speech at the N. A. A. C. P. convention, he said, "In spite of all of our oppression, we have never turned to a foreign ideology to solve our problems. Communism has never invaded our ranks. And now we are simply saying we want our freedom, we have stood with you in every crisis. For you, America, our sons died in the trenches of France,

in the foxholes of Germany, on the beachheads of Italy and on the islands of Japan. And now, America, we are simply asking you to guarantee our freedom." King may not be willing to partake in expeditions of violence, but he has no compunction about cashing in on the spoils of war. There are too many Negro leaders who are afraid to talk violence against the violent racist and are too weak-kneed to protest the warmongering of the atom-crazed politicians of Washington.

Some Negro leaders have cautioned me that if Negroes fight back, the racist will have cause to exterminate the race. How asinine can one get? This government is in no position to allow mass violence to erupt, let alone allow twenty million Negroes to be exterminated. I am not half so worried about being exterminated as I am about my children's growing up under oppression and being mentally twisted out of human proportions.

We live in perilous times in America, and especially in the South. Segregation is an expensive commodity, but liberty and democracy too, have their price. So often the purchase check of democracy must be signed in blood. Someone must be willing to pay the price, despite the scoffs from the Uncle Toms. I am told that patience is commendable and that we must never tire of waiting, yet it is instilled at an early age that men who violently and swiftly rise to oppose tyranny are virtuous examples to emulate. I have been taught by my government to fight, and if I find it necessary I shall do just that. All Negroes must learn to fight back, for nowhere in the annals of history does the record show a people delivered from bondage by patience alone.

Things to Come

It is almost impossible these days to keep up with the Alice-in-Wonderland quality of the news about the military. From the summer press, however, we have culled the following items as samples.

Item: An Army lieutenant was arrested in Wisconsin for killing and barbecuing a dog as part of a rehearsal for a survival course to show men how to live off the land after a nuclear attack. After public protest, the Army denied that cooking stray dogs from city streets was part of its survival courses.

Item: Air Force officials in Europe proposed a direct line of communication between the White House and the Kremlin to permit transmission of "we didn't mean it" messages in case of accidental nuclear explosions.

With ICBM's, they said, there will only be 15 minutes warning time, and apologies for a berserk missile man's actions must be made immediately, if possible by direct phone, to prevent retaliation.

Item: After spending two hundred million dollars on developing high-energy aircraft fuel, the Pentagon suddenly called off the project, announcing that it had decided it didn't need the fuel after all. Previously, five hundred million dollars had been spent on the Navaho air-breathing missile before it was decided that this missile wasn't needed, and twenty-four million dollars on a Triton and seventy million dollars on a Regulus before these were cancelled.

Item: The Pentagon began a campaign to gain public acceptance of

its chemical and biological weapons. It showed movies revealing the effects of new psycho-chemical weapons which can produce temporary mental aberrations in whole populations. Soldiers under the effects of these chemicals lost the ability to follow simple commands, but at the same time were not conscious of their own abnormal condition.

Item: Several aircraft companies have begun decontaminating their commercial jet planes after each flight. It was found that these planes, which fly through the stratosphere, pick up large patches of radioactive dust, which could cause cumulative radiation poisoning. Spectroscopic analysis has shown that the dust comes from nuclear explosions and is mostly Strontium 90.

THE EISENHOWER-KHRUSHCHEV TALKS

A. J. MUSTE

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange of visits was big news, the biggest since the launching of Sputnik. The discussions between the Soviet Union and the United States are almost certain to dominate both domestic and foreign politics for the remainder of this year.

Looking simply at the surface of the situation, one notes two things to welcome about the recent development. In the first place, in a period of global power-rivalry, a runaway arms race, great political tension, and failure after months of negotiation to arrive at even minor agreements, we are assured that talking is going to continue. The shooting has been postponed, insofar as it is in the hands of the super-powers to determine. This is a boon, whether one thinks the coming talks will lead to the beginning of establishing peace or are simply a device to continue the struggle, without letting it get completely out of hand.

A second favorable omen is that there will be a further extension of the contacts of many kinds which have begun in recent years, after a period when there was virtually no penetration of the barrier between the Communist and the non-Communist Western worlds. Scientists, literary people, artists, students, farmers, government officials, ordinary citizens, tourists, will be passing back and forth across the borders in increasing numbers. There will be less restraint in the contacts. After all, if everybody and his cousin is visiting and talking, a certain naturalness and ease develops in the conversations.

In the Soviet Union, and to some extent in other Communist countries, this means that people will hear and see things which in the past official propaganda and censorship did not let them see and hear. As long as this freedom lasts and to the degree that it develops, it will inevitably make many Soviet citizens more alert and critical. It will at least tend toward democratization, and a freer flow of ideas.

In the United States, the multiplication of contacts, now given the most sacred of sanctions, since the revered father in the White House himself sets the example, will also promote greater freedom of discussion and offers, I believe, a considerable opportunity to peace education and action. The essence of McCarthyism was that an attitude of unlimited distrust, implacable hatred and preparedness for instant war against Communism was the only possible attitude for a patriot, a Christian, or any sane man. If someone contended that

in the nuclear age this meant suicide as well as annihilation of the enemy, he received either the braggart answer that nobody would ever lick us or the answer of the "hopped-up" teen-agers driving their hot-rod cars at each other: "It's better to smash up than to 'chicken out'."

But now Eisenhower himself says, in effect, that anything and everything must be done to avoid the smash-up of nuclear war. The great symbol of martial valor and victory disowns the crazy teen-ageers' concept of courage as a suitable inspiration for world political relations. It is inevitable in the circumstances that many things pacifists have been saying will get a readier hearing and that many people are going to feel free, in a less hysteria-induced atmosphere, to say what they have been thinking all along.

Thus what somebody has called the world's "emotional balance" has improved considerably for the time being. But we have now to take a look at the political realities beneath the surface in order to determine whether the forthcoming talks will produce anything more than the Geneva summit conference did in 1954.

We cannot assume that anything like a conversion has occurred in either Russian or American policy-makers. All efforts to come to some resolution of political differences have resulted in stalemate. Eisenhower has had to give up the idea that there had to be some little evidence of progress at Geneva before he would meet Khrushchev.

The Shift in Power

What, then, is the picture? Any effort to understand it has to begin with the fact of nuclear armament. On the one hand, we have to assume that policy-makers on both sides recognize the probably ruinous character of any all-out war. This does not stop them from preparing to wage it, but it does undoubtedly lead them to hope that their respective ends may be gained by the avoidance of war through "deterrence", i. e. the *threat* of war. On the other hand, caution is instilled in the minds of policy-makers by the fact that the development of the whole technology of nuclear explosives, missiles, chemical and biological warfare, is in a state of extreme flux. Even if the showdown must ultimately come, the military don't want it to be at a time when huge experiments are still uncompleted.

This argues for trying to maintain a stalemate, a balance. But the political situation, with all the

changes taking place in former colonial countries, and in the economic situation practically everywhere in the world, is also in an extremely fluid state. Therefore, things cannot be left exactly where they have been. The fact of a shift in power relationships must be allowed for in the relations among nations, and especially between the big powers. But there is a strong inclination to have the shift in the power relationships recognized quietly and by consent.

What, then, are the realities in terms of power? One is the immense industrial and military progress made by the Communist forces, especially if you take China into account. There has been no comparable advance, particularly in the field of nuclear capability, in the European, Asian and African countries which might have constituted some kind of "Third Force". Consequently, the polarization of power in the U. S. and U. S. S. R. has been intensified.

Khrushchev wants this aspect of reality to be recognized. And in one sense he has now got what he wanted: Eisenhower and he meet as equals with nobody else around.

Secondly, Khrushchev wants a recognition of the fact that the West is no longer in a position to alter the set-up in Eastern Europe by force. It is possible to argue that the West might have intervened by direct or indirect force in East Germany in 1953 or Hungary in 1956. But if, rightly or wrongly as these things are judged, it was not done B. S. (Before Sputnik) it cannot and will not be done A. S. (After Sputnik). Khrushchev makes a great show of upsetting the balance by demanding that the Western powers get out of West Berlin. The United States Congress and Eisenhower proclaim a "Captive Nations Week", meaning we'll not rest until we have "liberated" the East European satellites. But what both sides are really saying is: "Stop pushing; stop pressuring me. Let's stabilize the *status quo* since we can't force change in it."

Khrushchev is going beyond this and proposing to make the pattern a global one. He stated this very explicitly and in his most engaging country-boy manner in his running public debate with Nixon. (Come to think of it, just two country boys, *both* of them, Eisenhower and Khrushchev). Said Khrushchev:

We want to live in peace and friendship with Americans because we are the two most powerful countries in the world and if we live in friendship, then other countries will also live in friendship. But if there is a country which is too war-minded, we could pull its ears a little and say: Don't you dare; fighting is not allowed now; this is a period of atomic armaments: some foolish one could start a war and then even a wise one couldn't finish the war.

This is, on the face of it, the traditional Soviet "co-existence" gambit, supplemented by the concept of the big powers' policing the globe and enforcing the peace.

Probably even Stalin, who used to put it in terms of several World War II victor powers, always thought of it as Russia and the U. S. dividing the world into "spheres of influence". The big question is whether this is something more than the old chestnut.

If the U. S. were to accept some such "stabilization of the *status quo*", the argument would hold out certain advantages to Russia, in addition to the recognition of its paramount interest in Eastern Europe (a variant of the Monroe doctrine). There would be the possibility of increased trade with the U. S. and other Western countries, which would satisfy the Soviet people's desire for consumer's goods. The reduction of the Soviet arms budget would help too.

Most important, this might make possible an agreement to limit nuclear arms to the U. S. and U. S. S. R., thus preventing new members—France, China, Germany, eventually perhaps the U. A. R., Spain and who knows how many more—from gaining admittance to the "nuclear club".

The point that the carrying out of some such plan would have to entail substantial reduction in the armaments of the two super-powers needs to be emphasized. Unless they are prepared for that, the nuclear arms race will not be abated at all. It will simply mean that all the chips are in the hands of two players. The tension may well get even worse. The super-powers may talk about closing admission to "the nuclear club" in order to be better equipped themselves for nuclear war; but so long as the latter remains their objective, they will be eager for allies and will be forced to pay the price of giving them "proper" equipment for modern war. It is conceivable that for the sake of peace, second and third echelon nations would be prepared to forego nuclear arming, but not for the sake of putting ultimate power exclusively in other hands. Limiting the nuclear club, therefore, cannot be an objective of policy in itself. It can only make sense and come to pass as a step in a global peace program. The step of adding *new* members is fatal, because there should be *no* members at all. It remains to be seen whether Khrushchev will provide this element in the "deal" he was proposing to Nixon.

The Possibilities of a Deal

Does such a concept of stabilizing the *status quo* through a Soviet-American "deal" offer anything that the U. S. might be interested in? The jitters that seize many European governments whenever such a "deal" is mentioned are evidence enough that they realize it has its attractions. There can be no question, for example, that U. S. policy-makers, both military and civilian, are extremely reluctant to share atomic-weapons secrets, and to see new nations acquire nuclear

capability. A solid guarantee that they would not be considered worth quite a price.

The relaxation of the extreme tensions in relations with the Soviet Union so that there would be less apprehension of a fatal blow-up would also be a gain.

Increased trade with vast Communist populations would also probably be welcome, especially if arms production were appreciably reduced and a new stimulus for the economy had to be provided.

The crux of the matter from the U. S. angle is this: the possibility of being able to dislodge or even surely contain Communist governments by force grows less and less, in spite of the fact that so much money has been spent on, and so much risk taken for, the military program that was supposed to achieve this end. At the same time, the political and ideological battle has gone poorly for the U. S. A big reason for this is currently illustrated in the Algerian situation. The U. S. cannot back the independence movement in Algeria because it believes it cannot dispense with De Gaulle's support in NATO. If it does back Algerian independence, NATO, which is already shaky, will be further threatened. If the Soviet Union continues to be the one haven to which Middle Eastern and African nationalists can look, both these regions may be irrevocably lost from the U. S. and Western orbit. If an agreement could be reached preventing *forcible* intervention—direct or indirect—in the affairs of these countries and enabling the U. S. to stop forcing its military installations on them and instead to devote adequate resources to their economic and cultural development, this might be the last chance the U. S. has to escape war or gradual deterioration in its power position in the absence of war. On the positive side such relaxation of the exhausting and compulsive military struggle might furnish the U. S. its last chance to evolve, on the whole peacefully, into a genuine political, economic and racial democracy under the new conditions of the atomic age.

Only in such an atmosphere of relaxation would the democratic forces in the Soviet Union have a chance to develop. Perpetuation of the cold war, and the intensification of the already furious arms race, can only have the opposite effect.

But is this all day-dreaming? Obviously, it is easy to think of obstacles which stand in the way of any such development as we have sketched. Some of them might not prove insuperable. Great Britain, for example, is already a third nuclear power but there is already much sentiment there against Britain's own arsenal of bombs and against U. S. missile bases and much genuine anxiety about the opening of the "nuclear club" to more and more members. In the context of some general limitation of armaments a British government might not be at all averse to dismantling its bombs and seeing U. S. missile bases returned to cultivation.

Communist China is a tougher problem, but a member of the upper house of the Japanese parliament suggested to me the other day that China's apparent acquiescence now in a "summit" talk at which she is not present, may be due to a promise from Khrushchev that admission of China to the U. N. and, at not too distant a time, recognition by the U. S., will be part of the U. S. Soviet "deal". If, as seems to be the case, Mao's regime is encountering economic difficulties and would like to see the Tibetan crisis eased, this might seem to him an attractive offer.

France, which may any day detonate its own nuclear bomb, (see p. 12) is at least as difficult a problem as China. But one of the major reasons why the U. S. has been so tough about sharing know-how with France is its realization that if the U. S. were to provide France as well as West Germany with nuclear capability, nothing could stop China from getting heavily into the macabre game and in addition the European situation could well get out of hand. Certainly if Khrushchev could sell arms limitation to China, he could legitimately pressure Eisenhower to bring De Gaulle to heel.

But, of course, the fundamental causes for skepticism about any such hopeful outcome as we have pictured lie much deeper. In order to achieve any genuine step toward peace, some very drastic problems have to be faced and some fairly drastic changes effected. Any dependable "stabilization of the *status quo*" will mean a quite new *status quo*. If *peaceful* "coexistence" actually comes to pass, it will register the fact that the dread of the nuclear catastrophe has already changed the thinking of the big powers, and it will be the herald of some big and fairly rapid changes in their regimes.

Are the dominant interests and personalities in the two countries, and in other lands, ready for some such change as this? There is no evidence of it in their uninterrupted military build-up. There has been no evidence of it in Geneva, except the negative one that the talking goes on, in spite of the fact that it gets nowhere.

Khrushchev's objective is very likely under cover of an agreement on nuclear arms, to break up the Western alliance, neutralize Europe, get U. S. forces to withdraw, and then to have the whip hand because of preponderance of conventional forces. Eisenhower and the Pentagon strategists presumably seek to strengthen NATO, provide Adenauer with nuclear arms, make Africa into some exclusive preserve for Western militarism and for capitalist expansion.

The Hypnotism of Abstractions

Each of the men at the so-called summit will see himself as a head of state and will deem it his solemn responsibility to defend its security and to advance its interests. Each will think of the power of his own state

and of the mighty instruments of that power which modern science has created. Each will believe that it is the military power which he commands which counts most and, in the ultimate moment, decisively. Each will feel himself some kind of God at the summit of the world, commanding history.

Each will think also of his faith, which is *the* truth and the instrument of man's salvation, something called Communism or the Revolution; Democracy or Christianity. This will cloak power and H-bombs with some ultimate sanction of morality and kindle in the breast of each leader the comfort and exhilaration of self-righteousness.

Each will think also of what people "expect" of him, of what he can get away with in view of such and such interests. Khrushchev, perhaps, of the hard-core Stalinists who will knock him off his pedestal if he dilutes the drive of the true faith to world conquest and sells out the sacred interests of the "workers' state" in a moment of soft-heartedness. Eisenhower, of those business pals of his who, with other Americans, lost nearly seven billion dollars in the New York Stock Exchange on August 10, 1959; and of their explanation that the drop in the market was a case of "peace jitters" produced by the announcements of the Khrushchev-Eisenhower talks.

Moreover, how can one hope that a new turn will result from "personal diplomacy", when one contemplates the frightful momentum of the arms race; the vested interest of the military in both nations; the dangers inherent in a dictatorship such as still exists in the Soviet Union; the stake of the American economy in war production; the deep-seated distrust on both sides; the long heritage of power politics, of belief that capability to wage war is the only real security? By the same token, it is hard to believe that on either side the will has emerged to change the prevailing pattern even a little at some decisive point, because of the tremendous political and economic chain reaction that would ensue. Despite the fervent and unceasing invocation of peace, or "peace and friendship", as the Soviet slogan reads, if peace did break out it would have a deeply shocking effect. The long-term effect in all aspects of life and all parts of the world would be indescribably beneficent; but the process would be revolutionary and, to many interests and not a few people on both sides, terrifying and painful.

The End of Deals

In such an atmosphere, Eisenhower and Khrushchev will try to arrange something, each to put something over on the other. But they will not be able to get away with it. All arrangements to be achieved by such means will simply be repetitions of the old pattern which now has mankind by the throat. They will be

only slightly disguised versions of the problem which has to be faced, not answers to it. This is the distinctive aspect of the power struggle in the nuclear age. The problem of power cannot now be solved by power moves. There cannot be a *balance* of power on the planet when power has, so to speak, taken on astronomical proportions and can only keep nations and their peoples perpetually off balance. The nature of the nuclear-arms race is such that it cannot be brought under control; it can only be abandoned—by consent.

It is necessary to hope against hope that a "moment of truth" may dawn for the men at the lonely summit. A moment when they see themselves as human beings, not as heads of state; when they cease to think in terms of abstractions such as economic systems, the State, the true faith, and face the ultimate question of survival in the nuclear age. If such a moment should come, they would know that they have to take a first painful step away from the politics of power toward the power of nonviolence.

Above all, however, it is necessary not to be credulous. Were Eisenhower the god which he most certainly is not, what could be expected of him in a nation where the peace movement is tiny; where the political "left" is fragmented and stultified; and where the forces that are supposed to be liberal and progressive, such as the Democratic Party and the labor movement, are the most dependable supporters of the Cold War and of the U. S. arms budget? It is imperative that we not relax the nonviolent struggle against war and for a new social order, that we not shove off on someone else, at the summit or on the bottom, or in between, our personal obligation to live daily as responsible human beings under the sanction of love and not of violence.

More arrests at Omaha

Last month's LIBERATION contained an account of the direct-action project that has been taking place throughout the summer at the Mead missile base near Omaha. Since then, three more pacifists have begun serving six-month jail terms for attempting to enter the missile site in protest against preparation for nuclear war. They are: Marjorie Swann, tax refuser and mother of four; Arthur Harvey, editorial contributor to the *Peacemaker*, and Ammon Hennacy, associate editor of the *Catholic Worker*. Harvey and Hennacy are at Sandstone prison in Minnesota. Mrs. Swann is in the women's prison at Alderson, West Virginia.

CLOUDS OVER THE OASES

Odette de Pingandreau

On July 4th, French Defense Minister Pierre Guillaumat announced that the testing of the first French atomic bomb is not far off. It may take place this fall or winter. No doubt it will be timed to exert maximum influence for the French position on summit meetings. Nine independent African states, meeting in Monrovia, Liberia, in early August unanimously passed a resolution condemning the projected French tests.

WHEN IT WAS ANNOUNCED last April that the first French A-bomb would be exploded in the Sahara, pictures of a vast bleak desert were conjured up in the public mind. What place could be better suited for testing the monstrous weapon than these uninhabited regions of sand so familiar to movie-goers and popular travel-magazine readers! To many it even seemed fortunate that France had available such an ideal testing ground at its very back door.

But the picture is altogether false. The desert where the tests will take place is not uninhabited, and it is not a sandy waste. It is at the middle point of a great arc of valleys between Morocco and Mzab, one of the most fertile oasis regions of the Sahara. It is a land of practically continuous palm groves, with seventeen thousand inhabitants and seventy-five villages in that general region alone. French government propagandists have tried to picture a region as bleak as the moon. But in fact the testing site lies in a rich agricultural region which produces dates, barley, henna, pimento and vegetables. It is a historic halting spot for Sudan caravans.

The site chosen is El Hammoudia, at the southern end of Touat, a valley region populated by palm groves, *kaabas* and ancient monasteries.

For generations peasants have planted these palm groves and cultivated them, irrigating them at the cost of tremendous labor, toiling with pick and basket, working like ants in the subterranean Foggaras which, as the geographer E. F. Gautier tells us, are almost as complicated as the underground railway system of a great capital city. Apart from the palms and other agricultural produce there is pasturage for camels, sheep and goats.

In the geographical system which embraces not only Touat but Gouarra and Tidikelt live twenty thousand Arabs, Berbers, Jews and Negroes, whose means of livelihood are agriculture, basket work, weaving, and trading by camel between the Sudan and the Maghred. About sixty of their villages (called *ksours*) lie in the Gouran, seventy-five in the Touat and forty in the Tidikelt; many of them have Chorfa or Kounta mosques.

It is impossible not to feel astonishment that the atomic experiments are to take place in this green belt

which, we are told by M. Augustin Bernard of the Académie des Sciences, is unique in the whole Sahara. We have learned something of the effects of Strontium 90 on sheep in Wales, which was infinitely further from the scene of atomic explosions than are these oases from El Hammoudia. The natural food of the Saharan people—milk, cereals and dates—will at once be contaminated by radio-active fallout, which no doubt will be carried from well to well by the subterranean waterways. The wind, blowing generally from the northeast, will carry off the contaminated sand, to let it fall like a death-bearing rain on Mauretania. And in Mauretania live not only the defenseless Saharans, whom some may choose to disregard, but also French oil and mineral prospectors; and there are the French mines at Tindouf and Fort-Gouraud. We know that the wind has carried great sand dunes from Africa to the Canaries. It would be foolish to consider metropolitan France immune, for when the northeast wind subsides, the south wind will take its place and very possibly carry the red dust over the Mediterranean.

France acquired these oases almost by accident. They had belonged to the Tafileft and Moroccan empires in turn, at intervals becoming independent and then coming under the power of Saharan tribes. Finally in 1900 a French scientific mission, the Flamand mission, was attacked by nomadic bandits, and this gave the French a pretext to seize the oases and the Zousfana and Ghir territories, which were actually part of Morocco. England's attention being otherwise engaged, she raised no objection to this violation of the frontier fixed by a Franco-English treaty signed in 1890. In 1902 the Sultan was obliged to recognize a *fait accompli*, and they became part of Algeria.

Having acquired them so easily and in the high-handed manner of colonial rulers, France now feels it has a right to dispose of them as it will. The facts are known. Yet the Sahara experts have issued not one word of warning, nor has support been given to the few scattered protests. Whatever the consequences, we French want our bomb. Prestige is involved, it seems, and the nation has been told sternly that it must live in the present. Must it also die in the present, cynicism and false reasoning having brought us to accept a policy that may well lead to self-destruction?

CHILDHOOD AT WINTERSTAR

Anna Greenbough

WHEN MY FATHER got out of jail at the end of World War II, he decided not to go back to preaching but to join a small utopian community in the Southern Highlands.

I think he dreaded going back to a world where his unpopular stand as a conscientious objector required justification. He was a Quaker whose hatred of violence ran so deep that he could not have killed a man even to save his own life. In wartime, he felt, the only logical place for his kind of person was prison. And since his draft board wholeheartedly agreed with him, to prison he had gone. He had come home in the late winter of 1947.

He chose Winterstar Community because some of his prison friends were already there and they had written delightful letters. In the spring of 1947, after a brief visit there, I think he began to long for Winterstar as a weary pilgrim longs for heaven. Its natural setting was incomparably beautiful. A remote and all but inaccessible "sky valley" in the Southern Appalachians, it had been found by a TVA engineer some years before. In true utopian tradition, it is not on any map. The first white people who lived there called it Winterstar because in winter the evening star rises between two peaks at the head of the valley. Outside, it is known as something else, but for obvious reasons, I cannot name it.

For Father, there was a glow upon the place and its people such as Emerson saw on his first visit to Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands. Father found the community at Winterstar inhabited by "moral giants—super-men, and who could tell what marvelous things might come out of their association?"

Perhaps it was only because Mother recognized Father's dread of the world that she consented to go to Winterstar at all. Mother had been teaching school in Winnetka since Father's trial. I suppose we'd had more of material comforts in those three years than at any time since I was born. I loved the fifth grade and my grandmother's house on Kimball Street. My brother John has never wanted to move in his life. The problems of moving were further complicated by our having no money. Mother, John, and I counted heavily on that impediment, but we had forgotten Father's resourcefulness.

Within a week of our decision to go to Winterstar, "if a way could be found," another of Father's prison friends came to call in my grandmother's parlor. A short, swarthy man in a black silk shirt and tan suit,

he was almost a caricature of a gangster. He and Father greeted each other with great joy and then talked for over an hour. We didn't know what they said, because Father talked divinity school Greek and his guest talked "real Greek," but in that hour, arrangements were made for Father's friend to send a cattle truck to move our household possessions the 700 miles to Winterstar. This he did within the week. The only difficulty arose when Father, presuming on the term "cattle truck", decided to add two newly purchased goats to the load.

We arrived at Winterstar in June. There is a magic about any Utopia that is all but irresistible, even if you have come hating the idea every mile of the way as John and I did, and as I think Mother did. An intentional community is a combination of endless Sunday School picnic, college seminar, and threshing bee. There is almost a year of delight that there is suddenly time to talk and people with whom one has things to say. There is perhaps something of the pull that draws people into monasteries. Really, there is no describing it—this "blessed community." Over a hundred years ago, disillusioned and cynical himself, Emerson wrote of Fruitlands, "Young men and maidens, old men and women should visit and be inspired. They seem to have arrived at the fact—to have got rid of the show, and to be serene. Their manners and behavior in the house and the field were those of superior men—of men at rest."*

Although most of the people at Winterstar had come within six months before we arrived, the community as a piece of land, a nonprofit corporation, was then thirteen years old. I do not know how many groups had come, set up their ideal society, and in the course of time, gone away. Houses could be bought, but title to land was never given, and a house could be sold only to another community member. This had kept the community land intact over years of constant turnover. The homes of members were scattered widely over the thousand acres of community land on both sides of the Bent Elbow River. Except for small garden clearings in the river bottoms, the whole community was heavily forested.

Our house was near the heart of the community. It had been built of chestnut logs by an early community member who had cleared the land, planted his crops,

* *Emerson in Concord*, Edward Waldo Emerson.

and in the second summer, became discouraged and moved on. It seems odd now that we lived in that house like people who live on the ruins of dead cities. We had no questions about the people who had gone before. Until it came our turn to go, we never wondered what sent the others away.

A woods path came out at our back door and went on through the laurel thicket to the next house. Flowers grew on that path I had never seen before—galax, wild orchids; in the cool woods along the stream were Indian pipes and Dutchmen's breeches, trillium and jack-in-the-pulpit. The river was wide and swift, and, wherever the clearings were not vigorously kept, the forest came to its edge. At night there was always the sound of water running and night-calling birds—whip-poor-wills and mocking birds. From our front door, we could see the river, and rising back of it, Seven-mile Ridge and the Black Brothers, their heads in the mist that gives the Smokey Mountains their name.

It was the people who lived there, however, who made Winterstar a delightful place that first summer. There seemed to be no adequate way to make a living and yet far too much to do. No one had any money, nor was anyone much concerned about it. College professors cleared land and preachers built houses; a doctor made shake shingles and a writer planted beans for the farmers' co-op.

The People Who Lived There

Thorvald and Elizabeth Torstenson were our favorite neighbors. Before the war (and a stretch in a Civilian Public Service camp for Thorvald) they had been reporters on a Minneapolis paper. Thorvald was tall, thin, and shy with everyone but children and goats. When we arrived he was writing a detective story, about a detective named Third Degree Burns. I remember splashing behind him one rainy day on the mile-long walk to the Co-op Store. Lydia Baptist, the one-time Kansas City social worker who ran the store, flung open the door when she saw us coming.

"Thorvald," she roared, "put on your raincoat! Maybe you forgot you got it with you over your arm there!"

"Vell no, I didn't forget," Thorvald explained in his soft Norwegian accent. "But you see, I have this butterfly on my shoulder."

Elizabeth Torstenson was tiny, with great expressive eyes and a lovely smile. She wrote too, and kept goats—some in the house, some under the house, and some in the laurel thicket. She was never known to sew on a button. She pinned up the gaps in her cover-all with her Phi Beta Kappa key or her grandmother's emerald.

The Torstensons lived in a tent the summer we arrived while Thorvald dug the foundation of what would be their permanent home. When winter came, the community held a work day and covered the tent with an

outside shell of tarpaper. Five years later, the Torstensons were still living in their tarpaper shell. They had dug a basement under it and added a sunparlor. The last addition was made when Elizabeth won a \$5,000 prize in a confession-magazine contest.

Anne and Euclid Stem lived at the far end of the community. They were described by the local people as "the folks who don't wear no clothes." I always hoped to surprise them at the co-op store or at a community meeting with nothing on, but I never did. At the end of their "sabbatical", the Stems went back to Harvard.

Dr. Mary Matthews, from a small midwestern Quaker college, graced our early years at Winterstar. When we came, she had just built her tiny house across the river and it was crammed with canary bird cages. She had read that there was a good market for canaries who could sing the melodies from *Carmen*. For hours every day, she practiced the piano in the hope of inspiring her birds with the love of good music. Living was incredibly cheap at Winterstar, and it was several years before she ran through her savings. I sometimes wondered how Dr. Mary knew if her birds were singing in tune, or indeed, if they sang at all, for Dr. Mary herself was almost stone deaf.

I think that nearly everyone came to Winterstar against the fist of some fear or anxiety. For most, it was the fear of "normal" life after the rigors of prison or war. Winterstar was a refuge and their stay there a time of healing. Most of them went back to the "world" after a few years. Some people came because, in those first months after Hiroshima, it seemed the safest place on earth from the atomic bomb. A painter from New York built a lovely little house on Shinglepole Creek. She stayed only a year, at the end of which time she discovered that the planes which flew over every hour were part of the hundred-mile radius patrol of Oak Ridge. Eli Mound came because he feared a mental breakdown. He divorced his wife, dissolved his business, and retired to Winterstar. The Clothiers came to Winterstar with a retarded child whose life had become difficult in the university town in which they had lived. One doctor came because he detested the practice of medicine.

Then there were the "saints in Caesar's household," as my father called them. Jonathan Rivers, a Methodist minister from Texas, survived a hunger strike in federal prison, and arrived at Winterstar two months before we did. He bought a bleak house and settled down with his wife and baby to live on pokeweed greens and oatmeal until his garden came in. Jonathan was a gentle, rather frail man with a program of self-denial which made the rest of us feel like decadent aristocrats with sugar on our oatmeal and shoes on our feet. From all over the country, people came to join him in his retreat. No one was ever turned away. Another bowl was set

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upon the plank table and those on the long benches slid closer together. Jonathan never asked anyone to come, and he hardly ever spoke to those who did. Overt expressions of the respect in which he was held by his followers embarrassed him dreadfully.

The “saints” were strict vegetarians and did not even eat eggs or milk. They wore rope sandals and put no fertilizer on their land. Since the soil was wretchedly poor, the things they might have felt right about eating did not grow. When times were prosperous, the Rivers spiced their diet with brewer’s yeast and blackstrap molasses.

Sammadhi

I suppose the peak of rich living was hit among the “saints” when Sammadhi joined them for six months and gave them a hundred dollars. Sammadhi must have had a proper name, but we never heard it. He kept a vow of silence all the while he was at Winterstar which he broke on only one occasion—the day we began to call him Sammadhi. He was a hollow-eyed, cadaverous creature in his mid-twenties. Every morning at seven o’clock he went to the Health Center with the Baghavad Gita under his arm. There he locked himself in the bathroom. At five o’clock in the evening, he went back to the Rivers’ house. One day the doctor decided that he’d endured this as long as he could, and after repeated knocking, he broke down the door. There was the lean young man sitting cross-legged on the floor beside the tub.

“Why didn’t you open the door?” the doctor shouted.
“I was in deep *sammadhi*,” he answered.

We knew what he meant. If he chose to give his prayers and meditations a Hindu name, that was all right with us, but the local people who crowded behind the doctor in the hall were shocked. There were threats. Children were kept out of the young man’s way. It was made clear that this person with the strange practices must leave the valley. It was, in fact, largely the Rivers’ guests who gave us all the name for being crazy. Beards and odd clothes were the rule. There was the man who refused to kill anything—even wasps. His life became one of torment when the mountain boys discovered this prejudice.

I have said that it was the people who made life at Winterstar wonderful that first summer. It was more than that. I suppose that only to the children of Winterstar was there given the unique experience of going back in time a hundred years. In August, we had to go to school outside the protecting gates of the community. Ten years before, a road had been cut through the valley from Winterstar Gap to Bucktooth Gap. To step off that road was to go into a country of Elizabethan speech and homespun. Electricity had not yet come into the valley. There were no telephones, no

radios, and yet the lovely old English songs John Jacob Niles had gathered several years before were all but forgotten. I knew them better than the mountain children. When I sang,

Jesus, Jesus, rest your head,
You has got a manger bed

my teacher would say, “Yes, I sang that when I was little.” Or a mother would know it. But the children never knew the old songs.

Most mountain families had the looms their mothers or grandmothers used, stored in canning sheds or barn lofts. I watched a loom, made for weaving coverlids, broken and thrown into a fire-place one rainy afternoon. The same family had a big old Scottish Bible and some Wedgwood saucers that their forebears had brought into the valley, but they themselves knew nothing about them. If their people had been “quality,” they had forgotten.

There was a coverlid woven in “Ladies’ Fancy” weaver’s pattern out of homespun wool. My mother told the family it was worth a thousand dollars and never to sell it for less, but the rats chewed holes in it that winter; it would have been better if they had sold it at the co-op store for fifteen dollars in groceries as they had planned.

Although the only doctor in the valley was a community member, he was not busy. Old Sallie, the mid-wife, delivered most babies, and either there was not much sickness or the mountain people were fatalists. Children still died of measles and pneumonia. There was no polio, even in the epidemic summer of 1948. The doctor said that the mountaineers were too dirty and undernourished to entertain polio germs. We outsiders did not have polio either, during the years we lived in the valley.

A School Called Harvard

We went to a school called Harvard, though not one of the mountain people had ever heard of Harvard College. They said that when the little schoolhouse had been built a generation before, a stranger on a walking tour had suggested that it be named Harvard. If he meant it as a joke, its point had been missed for nearly sixty years. Harvard had two dark rooms, and the walls sagged with rotting timbers. A heavy wisteria vine hung over the porch. The mountain children would not play with us or talk to us, and since John and I were the only community children old enough to go to school, our life was a lonely one.

On the surface, the mountain people were usually friendly. At first it was only we children who knew the intensity of their hatred for us. Once when we visited a local church with our parents, someone handed me a hymn book. In it was a scrap of paper on which was

scrawled, "Wy dont yall go up noth war yall come from?"

I slipped it out before I passed the book on to my mother. Some time later, a shot rang out above our heads as we walked along a mountain path. My mother said evenly, "Someone is hunting and doesn't know we are here." She turned and led us back the way we had come. Even my little brother realized that she knew better.

Jeeter Ballew, the Methodist preacher on Seven-mile Ridge, was kind to us. He came to eat supper with us one night. In the morning, he was found unconscious by the side of the road. In a sense, it was the dislike of the mountain people for the strangers who came to live on the best land in their valley which played a part in our failure. It made no difference that they themselves had sold the land to the community years before and at a very good price.

The Bitterness of Defeat

The real factor in our failure was more insidious, more treacherous—it was in ourselves. It was because we took the world with us, someone said, when we all retired to heaven. When the community permitted the dismissal of a Jewish doctor from the Health Center simply because he was Jewish and the first doctor, though himself a refugee from Hitler's Germany, didn't like Jews—at that point, the community collapsed for

my father. Because the people at Winterstar could not stand as a group against even a minor tyrant, Winterstar was a failure. Suddenly Father saw that everyone there—he too—was running from something. They were running away from their own anger, from the need to do something about whatever was making them angry.

It is sad to think of the gradual disillusionment and bitterness that overtook nearly every one of us. There was perhaps not a single community member who did not know at the end of his first year, that his private Utopia would never work. Yet most of us stayed five years—some more—some less, for to leave was the bitterest defeat of all.

In some ways it was like being driven out of Paradise to leave Winterstar, and then too, it was like return to health and strength after a long and wasting illness. In 1958, a physics professor from the state college set up his air filter on a bald near Winterstar Gap. Even he was shocked to find there the highest concentration of radioactive fallout anywhere outside of Nevada.* The opium eater's heaven is not real, nor is there any hiding place, any escape from our time. To embrace reality, to come back to a world of segregation and prisons, wars and threat of wars, in this, those of us who left found a strangely deep satisfaction.

* This was before the recent Russian explosions.

Annual Conference of the War Resisters League

TIME:

Saturday and Sunday, September 12th and 13th

PLACE:

Hudson Guild Farm, Andover, N. J.

SUBJECTS:

Concrete Steps Toward Peace

Peace and the American Scene

Beyond Passive Resistance (an Analysis of Omaha and other Projects)

The Meaning of the Eisenhower-Khrushchev Visits

SPEAKERS:

David Dellinger

Roy Finch

Paul Goodman

Dr. Harold Holman

Rep. William H. Meyer (Dem.-Vt.)

David McReynolds

A. J. Muste

Igal Roodenko

Bayard Rustin

FOR DETAILS, write to WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE, 5 Beekman St., N. Y. C. or telephone BEekman 3-0462

A REJOINDER TO JACK JONES

Roy Finch

JACK JONES describes my point of view in my comments on his essay "To the End of Thought" as too "formalistic", while his approach, he says, is, like Catholicism and Marxism, "functional". I am, he says, too much concerned with a merely "formal" refutation of Communist ideology, while, for him, the "functional" role of ideology is what matters and "form follows function". He thinks also that I overstress the importance of science as an anti-totalitarian force.

These are valuable criticisms, and they sharpen the issue, but they do not get to the bottom of it. For this reason some further thoughts on the subject may be in order. I wish to demonstrate how totalitarian Marxism has had to bend to science in the Soviet Union and how it has been the case that, in this respect, by necessity, not "form follows function" but "function follows form." In what I say I am discussing the totalitarian version of Marxism, and not Marxism as a method.

Just as Catholicism eventually had to come to terms with Copernican science (even though it decreased Catholicism's prestige), so Marxism has had to accept, unwillingly, Einstein, quantum theory, and even (as Mr. Jones himself points out) cybernetics, although at first it tried to reject all of them. Similarly Communists eventually will have to accept Godel's Theorem and other advances in modern mathematics (despite all their—for dogmatic Marxists—unpleasant intellectual implications) because these things are mathematically valid and therefore scientifically useful. An ideology which wants the fruits of science has to accept the methods and findings of science, however much it may gag at them.

Ideologists may, of course, choose to give up the fruits of science. But this has not been the situation in the Soviet Union. Rather, time and again ideology has had to give way. The great Russian Nineteenth Century scientific tradition did not die in the Soviet Union. Nor on the other hand, could it be fully "marxianized". Instead, a tension continued to exist—a seesawing back and forth, reflected in the persecution, followed by the rehabilitation, of such scientists as the physicists Joffe, Landau and Kapitsa.¹ Let me cite two particularly fundamental examples of how, on a theoretical level, the ideology has given way.

1. See Paul S. Epstein—"The Diamat and Modern Science" in *Bulletin of Atomic Physicists*, August, 1952. Also Eugene Rabinowitch—"Soviet Science—A Survey" in *Problems of Communism*, March-April, 1958. The dean of Soviet physicists, Joffe was on the list of persons to be shot in one of the purges, but Stalin reportedly crossed his name out.

In Soviet universities it has been found necessary to teach along with the "functional" Marxist or Hegelian logic, modern symbolic or formal logic, because it is the latter which is necessary in modern science. (Hegelian logic—the dialectic—is of no use in building computer machines; they require the formal logic of Boole and Whitehead and Russell.) Hence Soviet logic courses are divided into two parts (no attempt apparently being made to relate them). The first half of the year deals with Marxist dialectical logic, the second half with the formal logic used in the advanced sciences.²

A second example is provided by the outcome of the linguistic controversy in 1950, in which, amazingly enough, Stalin finally intervened on the side of science. The Soviet academician N. Y. Marr had attempted to develop a Marxian class theory of language, and a considerable controversy had arisen around his views. Marr's position led to absurdities and made linguistics rather comical. At the crucial moment Stalin stepped in, condemned Marr and declared that language cannot be understood ideologically, that it "transcends the superstructure" and is not to be considered a class phenomenon.³ In other words, linguistics was given its rights as a science, and this by Stalin! (Of course the point can be made that the issue had to be settled by Stalin. But just as important is the point on which side it had to be settled.)

Certainly Communists, as Mr. Jones claims, have tried to situate science inside the ideology. (And no doubt Stalin would have *liked* to be able to back Marr.) But, as these examples, (and others which could be cited⁴) show, this attempt is continually frustrated. The nearer the sciences are to the historical or social the more easily the attempt can be made. It was easier to adopt Lysenkoism in biology (regarded by virtually all Western biologists as "quackery") than it was to do without Einstein (as the Communists at first tried to, labelling Einstein "bourgeois science"). "The Communist totalitarian is not interested in formal ideas," writes Mr. Jones. Say rather he would *like* not to be

2. See Aleander Philipov—*Logic and Dialectic in the Soviet Union*, with a foreword by Ernest Nagel. Research Program on the U. S. S. R., 1952.

3. See John V. Murra *et al.* (editors)—*The Soviet Linguistic Controversy*—King's Crown Press, 1951.

4. The quantum theory was first described as the "idealistic Copenhagen school of theoretical physics"—this as a designation for the theory which underlies all advances in atomic physics. After being kept under house arrest for several years, Kapitsa, the greatest Soviet quantum physicist, was finally released. See Rabinowitch above.

interested in them. But he is caught in the dilemma that it is just these formal ideas (as, for example, the formal structures of modern mathematics) which produce the technology and scientific advance which Communists desire.

Here is where the analogy with Catholicism breaks down. Unlike Catholicism, Marxism is oriented toward the material ends which only science can reach. (This is the contradiction of a "scientific religion"—the religious aspect interferes with the scientific and vice versa.) It might be possible to ignore the intellectual implications of the sciences except that they contradict the ideology *on the same level*. A kind of "double truth" results.

At some points Mr. Jones appears to have little more respect for science than he does for dogmatic Marxism. He declares: "I even deny science's *right* to be considered an end in itself." Many people have been denying this "right" for a long time, in pulpit, lecture hall and editorial. I also deny it. But Mr. Jones denies it at such a level as to raise the suspicion that he is repudiating science altogether, and in this I think he is mistaken. The point is certainly not to get rid of science, nor even to limit it as a method of discovery. The point is to situate it within a larger context which does not (as totalitarian Marxism and Mr. Jones tend to) do violence to it. My suggestion was that science is now situating itself in such a context by giving up its universalistic claims.

Mr. Jones is not an irrationalist, advocating, let's say, a new mythology or an irrational ideology. Rather he is pointing out a deep contradiction, which radicals in particular should ponder. It is the contradiction between the socialist principle of *the planned life* and the anarchist principle of *the spontaneous life*. Many socialists, including Marx, have believed that a planned society would release people for the enjoyment of the spontaneity of life. Mr. Jones points out that *it does not follow*. There is a gap here. Planning (or reason) can no more produce freedom than a duck can give birth to an elephant.

Not only this, but Mr. Jones believes that the technological process so works that the failure of any planning can only be met by more planning (*so long as that is what people really believe in*), and the whole process by its own momentum inevitably carries further and further away from freedom and even from the capacity for knowing what freedom is. Living in terms of more and more controls, people forget what it is to live spontaneously and how you go about it.

Mr. Starobin does not agree. In his thoughtful comments he remains unconvinced that an abundance of material goods will not lead eventually to more individual freedom. He questions the idea of "irrational freedom". And here, I think, he misses the point (on

which Mr. Jones and I both agree) that *all freedom is irrational* in the sense that it implies a spontaneous (i. e. unpredictable) element in human life. This is the central idea of this discussion: *Reason can never lead to freedom*. Freedom has to be something you *start with*, not something you arrive at. There is absolutely no way to make the jump from planning to spontaneity unless you have made room for the spontaneity *at the outset*.

For some time now the totalitarian world has "had the number" of Western liberalism, and this has been a large part of its psychological advantage. Many people have left the Communist movement, but without quite knowing what the theoretical flaw was. Now, almost for the first time, it seems to me, Mr. Jones has gotten the totalitarian number. He has seen what it is all about, and this is bound to have effects. The implications apply far beyond any one part of the world to what is going on everywhere.

D. H. Lawrence once said that the whole world suffers today because it is "under a net of ideas" and he was concerned to "make holes in the net" so that he and others could slip through. The significance of Mr. Jones's work is that it attempts to describe how we got under this net and what it is doing to us. The rationalist process tends to weave the net more and more finely until it threatens to descend on us and hold us fast forever. Mr. Jones wants to make holes in the net too, by demonstrating that life completely subservient to theory (any theory) is scarcely any life at all.

Ed. Note: *In the summer issue of LIBERATION, Roy Finch and Joseph R. Starobin analyzed Jack Jones's essay "To the End of Thought". In the October issue, Jones will continue the discussion of points raised by Finch and Starobin. There will also be comments by Lewis Mumford and Sir Herbert Read.*

LETTERS . . .

Dear Editors:

New York

I received some sample copies of LIBERATION today and have been reading them for the past few hours. How wonderful it is to find written articles saying what I believe in, to see that not all people are going toward world destruction complacently or with a small shrug of their shoulders.

I'm beginning a subscription and would also like to know how to obtain certain back issues, if at all possible. Thank you.

(Mrs.) Lea Pagan

Editors' Note: *In answer to the question asked by many readers, including Mrs. Pagan, LIBERATION does have a limited number of all except a few issues. Let us know which issues you want and we will send them on if we have them and bill you. Cost is 25c per issue. A complete set of issues carrying the Muste autobiography from June '57 through July-August '59 is available at the special price of \$4 a set.*

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Dear Editors:

Columbus, Ohio

You may by this time have decided that enough time and space have been devoted to the Revisionist controversy, but it seems to me that there are a few points in Harry Elmer Barnes' latest article that should not pass unquestioned.

Leaving aside the venomous and boastful tone of the article, it should first be pointed out that Mr. Barnes seems to regard European history as having ended in 1933 and begun again in 1939. He mentions Hitler's "requests that Versailles be revised by pacific negotiations" as having taken place sometime during that six year span, but he speaks of Hitler's having been "tricked into war by England" over the question of the Polish corridor. In his discussion he seems to regard the start of the war in Poland as somehow an isolated event, and no fault of Hitler, who "called off his plan to invade Poland if the latter would resume negotiations (note: we have to assume that this does not mean what it says, which is that there had been a plan to invade Poland if she did agree to negotiate), and only revived it after the Poles had refused to negotiate at all and had ordered a general mobilization of their military forces." In any case, Mr. Barnes goes on to say, the British were poor defenders of democracy, and their earlier admiration of Hitler gave them no reason to go to war against him. Further, he implies, the Poles were a bad lot too, and therefore presumably deserved what they got.

Now this is an amazing hodge-podge of Mr. Barnes' ability to ignore facts that do not suit him, to justify himself by a rather peculiar kind of logic, and to write badly. To take the first point, Mr. Barnes not only fails to mention the forcible reoccupation of the Ruhr, the Italian invasion of Abyssinia, the Spanish Civil War, the *Anschluss*, and the "peaceful" annexation of Czechoslovakia, but acts as if these events had never taken place. Unfortunately for his peculiar kind of "revisionism," however, they did take place, and in all of them Hitler or his brother-in-peace, Mussolini, had important roles. Except for the reoccupation of the Ruhr, none of these events took place with the consent of the peoples most vitally concerned, the Abyssinians, the Spanish, the Austrians, or the Czechs. In all of these events the increasing military power of the Axis countries was the decisive factor, and in all of them Hitler seemed willing to use force to gain his ends. In the pacifist view, of course, none of these acts would be reason for military action against Hitler, but there can be no question that they were aggressive in nature, and they raise at least some doubt about Mr. Barnes' picture of Hitler as a lamb among such wolves of international politics as Chamberlain, Daladier, Stalin, Roosevelt and Leopold of Belgium.

Mr. Barnes' view of Poland is even more curious. He seems to regard the Poles as solely responsible for their own destruction, but his argument will hardly bear analysis. Even if we grant that the Poles precipitated an armed conflict by declining to negotiate with Hitler, is it too unkind to suggest that they could hardly be unaware of what had happened to the Czechs when they *had* negotiated with Hitler? We are told that the Poles had exacerbated the situation by mobilizing, as if troop mobilization had never occurred to Hitler, and as if he did not have an army far stronger than Poland's poised on the Polish border to enforce his demand for negotiation. The mental image of big, bad Poland menacing poor innocent Germany is unpleasantly similar to the recent Communist explanation that the war in Korea was started by aggression on the part of the wicked South Koreans; like the Poles, the South Koreans were

decimated in remarkably short order. As for the Poles' treatment of the Jews, this is certainly as irrelevant to the rights and wrongs of the situation as Mr. Barnes insists. Hitler's treatment of the Jews is irrelevant. And it is hard to imagine that even the Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto greeted the emissaries of the Thousand-Year-Reich with tears of thanksgiving at their deliverance from the Poles.

So much for the war in Europe. To turn briefly to Mr. Barnes' quarrel with Bill Neumann, it seems to me that Mr. Barnes deliberately ignores the point at issue here. He says that "the idea that the Japanese would have attacked Pearl Harbor if there had been the slightest evidence that Short and Kimmel had any warning of a possible Japanese attack and were on the alert has long been exploded." Once again he seems to be right because he ignores other events. While it may be true that the Japanese task force would have turned around and headed home if Pearl Harbor had been alerted, there can be no question that the Japanese had long been preparing for a major war in the Far East, and that such a war would necessarily have involved the United States in short order. Once again, the United States is made to seem guilty by the tactic of ignoring preparations for war which made it possible for the Japanese to conquer the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, New Guinea, French Indo-China, Malaya, Thailand and Burma in remarkably little time. Mr. Barnes surely cannot mean to suggest that an attack on the Philippines, for example, would not have involved the United States in the war whether or not Hawaii and Midway Island were ever attacked, or that a message to Short and Kimmel would have been enough to cause the Japanese to abandon the idea of a Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere.

Revisionism is a good and necessary thing. It can remind us that the causes of war are complex and that the guilt for war is widely distributed. If we are capable of learning from history it can help us avoid the mistakes of stupidity, vindictiveness and ignorance which result in wars, and we have never been in more dire need of such help than we are now. Magazines like *LIBERATION* (if only there were others like *LIBERATION*) do a considerable service when they remind us that official history is often wrong. But the effect of such service is diminished considerably when the "revision" is at least as incorrect as what it revises, when it is so awash in bitterness that it cannot see its own excesses. If the policy of "unconditional surrender" was stupid and wasteful of human lives, as it seems to have been, is it fair to say of the Allies that they fought only for "an astronomical number of enemy scalps and incredible physical destruction of enemy property and homes" without pointing out that the destruction of human lives and property was no private possession of the Allies, that German strafing of fleeing refugees and German saturation bombing of England in 1941 and 1942 and the immense number of Russian lives lost in the war may have engendered a not-wholly-incomprehensible bitterness among the Axis' opponents which might account for the tenacity with which the Allies held to the "unconditional surrender" policy? There is in Mr. Barnes' view of World War II a kind of willful wrong-headedness; if the original impulse (to correct the impression that World War II was a holy and righteous war) was a good one, it has degenerated so far as to be useless in its present form. If *LIBERATION* does print any more "Revisionist" articles (and I hope it will), let them be written by men less sure of their righteousness and more careful of their facts than Mr. Barnes.

John M. Muste

public debate:

SHOULD NEGROES MEET VIOLENCE WITH VIOLENCE



Yes:

ROBERT F. WILLIAMS

Suspended president of Monroe, N. C.
N. A. A. C. P.

CONRAD LYNN

Civil liberties attorney

No:

BAYARD RUSTIN

Coordinator of Youth March for Integration

DAVE DELLINGER

Member of Integration Committee, Peacemakers

Chairman: **A. J. MUSTE**

Time: Thursday, OCTOBER 1, 8:15 p. m.

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